

THE COMPANION.

No. XII. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1828.

"Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only
to be found, in a friend."—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

CHAPELLE'S TRIP TO LANGUEDOC AND PROvence.

(CONTINUED.)

WE got through poor Croupinac as fast as we could; and meeting with no other place to stop at, were fain to make a meal on the grass, which we did very heartily on the partridges and new bread of M. de Jonzac. After this gentlemanlike accommodation with circumstances, we pursued our journey, and arrived at Blaye, but so late in the evening, and set off again so early next morning, that we saw nothing of the place but what the stars allowed us. The Montant, which sets in at an early hour, compelled us to this activity. After having bid a thousand adieus to Lussan, we embarked in a little shalop, and proceeded a good way by water before daylight.

But soon as the bright dawn looked out,
And let ourselves look round about,
Nothing was seen on every side
But morning, and a tilting tide,
A waste of waters, somewhat frightful,
Which men are bound to think delightful.

In fact the Garonne is so large at the point of land where it forms its junction with the Dordogne, that it really is like a sea; and the tide is so impetuous, that we made the passage to Bordeaux in less than four hours:

Bordeaux, the first of Traffic's daughters,
Sitting in middle of the waters,
And welcoming, with steady pride,
More ships than all the earth beside.

Without lying, it was then so crowded with vessels, that we found it difficult to get to shore. The great fair was about to take place, and had attracted this multitude of visitors, to carry off the wine of the country:

For rude as in reality
This famous port of our's may be,
It has the honour, when they dine,
To furnish half the north with wine.

A frightful quantity is exported every year; but not of the best sort. They treat their customers like Germans. We learnt, that it was not only prohibited to sell the best wines for exportation, but that the merchant could not get a bottle at the tavern. After going down to the beach, and admiring the situation of the place, we retired to our lodging at the Chapeau-Rouge, whither M. Talleman came to conduct us as soon as he knew of our arrival. From this moment we never saw it again but to sleep there. We spent the pleasantest days in the world with Monsieur the Intendant. His house is the common resort of all the best people of the city. He has even discovered among them a heap of cousins. You would take him for first president, rather than intendant. As to Madame his lady, she is, between ourselves, no longer what she was:—

Handsome as ever, it is true,
And with the same fine eye of blue,
Full of fire, and sweetness too;
But her blue eyes and fond regards
Are now, poor creature, fix'd on cards!

You remember she never touched a card. She now passes whole nights at lansquenet. All the ladies of the place have become gamesters to oblige her; they have stated evenings for play; and he who wishes to see a *belle assemblée*, has only to pay a visit to Madame Talleman. Luckily for those who are not fond of cards, Mademoiselle Du Pin is sure to be there. She has so much wit and conversation, that they are surely not the least of the winners. It is here, that Messieurs the Gascons acquire a polite air and the tone of good company

But let them take care
 What sort of an air
 They assume with the fair,
 Before witty Du Pin :
 Gasconading with her
 Is a mighty bad plan.

However, not to rally Messieurs the Gascons, we began ourselves to run some risque; and a sudden retreat was not ill timed. See nevertheless our ill luck! We ran from Bordeaux, to fall two days after upon Agen.

O ye hearts that fear a wound,
 Enter not in Agen's gate :
 Heaps of beauties there are found ;
 Crowds of Cupids lie in wait.

Soon as ye approach the spot,
 Look about you ; trust it not
 Swear as stoutly as ye may
 To stop but for a single day.
 Somehow those who stoutly swear,
 Say a day, and stop a year.

An infinite number of persons have passed the whole of their lives there, without the power of going away. The palace of Armida was never so formidable. We there found M. de Saint-Lue detained upwards of six months, Nort for four years, and even d'Ortis a month and a half. D'Ortis gave us the whole history, and insisted upon bringing us acquainted with the enchantresses of the place. He accordingly invited a room full of beauties; and a magnificent supper, with these ladies to grace it, soon made us feel that we were on magic ground. To say the truth, they have so much beauty, that they took us by surprise the first moment; and so much wit, that they completed their conquest the second. It is impossible to see them and not be captivated. Even captives who have the liberty to come away, leave their hearts behind them as hostages for their return.

Therefore of course we did so too ;
 We left our hearts as others do :
 One fair one clench'd the fetter.
 And let the charmers not be wroth,
 If gentle d'Ortis took us both,
 Because she used us better.

Assuredly they had no objection. The conquest, good as it was, was regarded without impatience. They looked upon us, we

believe, as a couple of sick gentlemen bound for the waters, and did not think proper to employ their forces for detaining us. So next morning, we found the gates open and the road free; and set off for Encosse upon the horses which M. Chemeraut had promised us. They had been waiting our pleasure at Agen a whole month. Chemeraut's the man

Of whom you may say, without meaning to joke it,
That he keeps his word truly, and not in his pocket.

We have little to tell you of Encosse, except that the waters are excellent for the stomach. We saw nothing else. It lies at the foot of the Pyrenees, far from resort; and you can get no diversion but what the return of your health brings with it. A little stream just outside the village, winding betwixt poplars and meadows, the greenest you can conceive, was our only resource. We took the waters in this pretty spot every morning, and walked there after dinner. One day, as we were sitting on the grass, talking of the high tides of the Garonne, a subject very fresh in our memories, we fell to discoursing of the reasons given by Descartes and Gessendi for the flux and reflux: when lo! all of a sudden there came upon us, out of the reeds, a figure who had apparently been listening.*

He was an old man, with a peck
Of hair and beard about his neck,
Very like Melchisedeck.

Or rather he resembled greatly
The old Greek bishop we saw lately,
Very courteous, and stately.

His head, by way of hat, had on it
A most extraordinary bonnet:
I think I see the dirt upon it.

'Twas like a washing-basket, very;
And down about his shoulders hairy
Descended, making him look dreary.

His habit was a greenish colour,
Resembling a rush mat, but fuller;
And dropping water, like a sculler.

At this apparition we made two signs of the cross, and retired three paces. Curiosity however prevailed. We resolved, though

* Here follows a pleasant banter upon the common-place personifications of river-gods, and perhaps upon questions of philosophy.

not without some little beating of the heart, to await the explanation of this unusual old gentleman, who accosted us very graciously, and delivered himself in the following words :

Gentlemen, I am not surprised
To see you start, unadvertised;
But when you know my birth and merits,
You'll recollect your scatter'd spirits.

I am the god, who sit for ever,
Pouring away this little river;
I sit at bottom of the hill,
And there my urn goes pouring still;
And so, the only natural way,
I keep my green for ever gay.

You've been here now eight days. How is it,
You never pay me, pray, a visit?
My stream you come to see, 'tis true;
But something else is surely due
To one inheriting a clear
Receipt of twenty rills a year:
A pretty thing, 'twixt you and me,
For a cadet in Gascony.

You think so? Well—I know you do;
For I have overheard you two
Praising my banks and scenery,
Which, I assure you, pleases me,
Much more than those who prais'd myself,
Ere gods were laid upon the shelf.
Gentlemen, never trust a deity,
If I don't handsomely repay it ye.

No words, I beg. Well, gentlemen,
Welcome into this little glen.
'Tis rural, snug, a poet's bit?
Pray make yourselves at home in it.
And since you wish to know about
Flux and reflux, I'll solve the doubt;
And shew you, beyond all dispute,
That your mere reason's a mere brute,
Who always was and always will
Be making horned blunders still,
And against knotty points and *themas*
Get into cuckoldy dilemmas.

The old opinions, great and small,
Upon this point, are fables all,
And tales of Amadis de Gaul. }
Even your later men of parts,
Your great Gassendis and Descartes,
Though they had sharper eyes to see
The road to a causality,
Discerned no further in these matters,
Than if for spectacles they 'ad platters.

Now as this thing concerns me nearly,
 I, for my part, see through it clearly,
 And liking mightily you two,
 I'll take the pains to shew it you.
 To you the learned world shall owe
 Whate'er on this point godheads know;
 And to that end, I raise your wit
 And faculties to cope with it.

He then took us both by the hand, and made us sit on each side of him on the grass. We exchanged many looks before we could think what to reply, being very much astonished to find ourselves conversing with a river. But all at once,

He cough'd, and hemm'd, and made a clutter,
 And what ensues was pleased to utter:—
 When Neptune for his share inherited
 The ocean he so richly merited,
 The god's accession to the crown
 To all his vassals was made known,
 And 'twas required, that every one
 Should come before him *en personne*.
 Among the rest, before his throne
 There came this great lord, the Garonne,
 But in a style so *brusque* and odd,
 Much wrath conceiv'd the great sea-god,
 And vow'd internally he'd make
 The Gascon sorry for his freak.
 In fact, when it was Garonne's turn
 To pay his homage for his urn,
 He gave the flood a complete cut,
 And measur'd him from head to foot.
 At this, though he retired, Garonne
 Called up his servant the Dordonne,
 With other Gascons his acquaintance,
 And shew'd strong signs of non-repentance.
 But Neptune in his proudest fashion,
 His royal bosom swell'd with passion,
 Summon'd his scorn; and with a look
 At once of cold and fierce rebuke,
 Thrust the rude rebel back so far
 (I think e'en now I feel the jar)
 That twice (for twice he got a clearing)
 He was six hours in re-appearing.
 In this affair the headstrong river
 Was certainly more bold than clever;
 And yet the river-gods his peers
 Stood by his cause, as if 'twas theirs,
 And swore, as they fell murmuring,
 They thought it savage of the king.
 Who now indeed was wroth but he?
 He shook his wet locks bitterly,

And "Silence!" he exclaimed, "ye wretches!
Or must I teach ye, sons of ditches?

The gods, instead of keeping quiet,
Murmur'd, as if they meant a riot.

Neptune then fell into a fury.

"O Styx," he cried, "I thrice adjure ye!"

He shook his trident thrice, and then

In tones that made us shake again,

Cried out, "How now? Is this the place

For shewing us a hostile face?

Shall every little pelting rill

Be taught to carp at Neptune's will?

Must here your tongues be loud? Ah ha!

Per Dio questo non sarà.

I'll make you every one repent

By force of the same punishment.

Twice every day shall every god

Return upon his watery road,

And fly the wrath of Neptune's eye;

But more than all Garonne shall fly,

More far, and with more wondering borders;

Because he rais'd these strange disorders.

And never shall this law be past,

As long as Neptune's reign shall last."

He said; the rebels made submission,

Though hating much their new condition.

They gulp'd an oath with bowing heads,

And murmuring, sought their several beds.

Now, gentlemen, you see the mystery.

This is the matter's real history.

I thought to keep it to myself,

Safe as a poem on a shelf;

But you have pleas'd me so to-day,

I could not say the impulse nay.

He had scarcely finished these words, when he slid from between us; but so rapidly, that he was a dozen yards off before we perceived it. We followed as fast as we could, and finding it to no purpose, called after him several times:—

"Monsieur le Fleuve! Hollo there! Stay!

Flood! River! What the devil's your name!

One word more, if you please! Do, pray!"

Not he. He went the way he came.

We saw him enter among the reeds, out of which he had risen. We ran to the spot; but the good man had become water before we could reach him. His voice was no longer anything more than

A run of little murmuring tones,
Trilling among the pebble stones.

We could make nothing else of it ;
 No, nor you two, were you to sit
 Listening all day with all your wit.

After having called out a number of times in vain, the approach of night compelled us to return to our lodging, where we made a thousand reflections on this adventure. Our minds were not entirely satisfied with the explanation. We could not understand how it was, that only a part of the rivers were punished, when all of them were concerned in the treason. We returned many times to the spot, during our stay at Encosse, in the hope of prevailing on this honest river to give us a quarter of an hour's conversation ; but we never saw him more ; and our course of water-drinking being at an end, it was time to depart.

Monsieur the Seneschal d'Armagnac sent a carriage for us, which took us, in perfect comfort, to his house at Castille. It was easy to see, by the joy with which he received us, that our faces were not unwelcome.

O the taste of this Fontrailles !
 Here it was that ortolans,
 Pies, and other pretty pans,
 Red-legg'd partridges and quails,
 And fifty other birds with juices,
 Made us shudder at the abuses
 Which we used to take for dinners,
 With Carbon, and those other brutal sinners.

You, poor stayers at home, who never saw anything but the valley of misery, and you that fancy you rule the roast at Paris, you know nothing of good cheer. If you do, as you pretend, and are fond of it,

Be good people ; quit your seats ;
 Come, and behold almost the only place,
 Where taking soup is no disgrace ;
 Where human nature eats.

You will be well received, and find the master of the house always the same. Without troubling himself any further with the affairs of the world, he amuses himself with finishing his house, which promises to be admirable. All the honest people of the province know the way to it. By the rest it is not to be discovered. Well : we gormandised four days in company with Monsieur the President Marmiesse, who was good enough to come the moment

he heard of our arrival; and then we all set out together for Toulouse to see the Abbe de Beauregard, who looked for us, and who gave us a repast only to be found at Toulouse. Next day, M. de Marmiesse must needs let us see how far a dinner could go in point of splendour and magnificence; or rather, with his leave, in point of profusion and prodigality. The feast of the Liar was nothing to it. We must have recourse to our verses, for a description.

O thou, whichever Muse thou art,
Who bid'st the gourmand play his part,
Assist us, now or never!
Help us, for our renown, and thine,
To set forth every dish divine,
And keep it warm for ever.

But hold;—what frenzy fires the mind?
Who ever knew a Muse that dined,
Or had a taste in claret?
No, no; the everlasting jades
On bread and water keep good maids;
Or 'faith, they couldn't bear it.

What god then shall our subject woo?
Bacchus, will you, or Comus, you,
Assist us to go through it?
No: neither of you can find time
To scratch your happy heads for rhyme;
And therefore we can't do it.

It is too great an affair. We must content ourselves with saying, that never was anything more splendid. We should have thought Toulouse exhausted of its game for ever, notwithstanding its reputation, if next day, a friend of ours, whom you know, had not given us another dinner, which convinced us that the place was a prodigy. You will name him at once, when we tell you, that he is

One of those fine wits, whom the Muse
First honour'd France with at Toulouse.
The only native Gascon he,
Who bears no mark of Gascony,
But such an air and spirit carries,
You'd think he never stirr'd from Paris.

In short, the agreeable M. d'Osneville, who looks and talks like a man that has never been out of the precincts of the court.

You know he's married. 'Tis a year
Since first the knot was tied, we hear,
And 'twould defy a chopper;

We mean 'tis good as e'er was sung ;
 And both are witty, rich, and young,
 And both their bloods are proper.

M. d'Osneville took us in his coach to Grouille, where Monsieur the Count d'Aubijoux received us very politely. We found him in a little palace of a summer-house, which he had built in the middle of his garden, among shades and fountains. It consists of only three rooms, but all painted and fitted up to perfection. He is to come here when he wishes to be private with two or three friends, or to enjoy his books when alone ; to say nothing of his mistress.

Courts may have been unjust ; but what cares he ?
 Here roll his days in round philosophy.

To tell you that he keeps a good table, is no news ; but perhaps you will be surprised to hear, that with all the good cheer going on, he eats nothing but a crust a day. He has accordingly the look of a dying man. The park is very extensive, full of beautiful spots for walking in, every successive one finer than the other. Yet we spent our whole days in a little isle, planted and kept like a garden, in the middle of which, as if by miracle, a fountain leaps up, and goes wetting the tops of a bower of cypresses.

Under this bow'r, which Love expressly made
 Surely to touch some fair inhuman she,
 One of us two, one day within the shade,
 His pulses quivering, his hand unstaid,
 While the leaves whisper'd, and the fountain play'd,
 Wrote this desiring verse upon a tree :—
 Alas ! how blessed were his lot
 Who with his Sylvia in this happy spot,
 Could pass his days, nor feel that time was moving,
 Always belov'd, and always fondly loving.

You will perceive by this, that during our journey we were not always thinking of good cheer. We had moments, you will acknowledge, sufficiently tender. In the sequel, though Grouille abounded in attractions, M. d'Aubijoux could not prevail upon us to stay more than three days ; at the end of which we took his carriage to go and meet that of M. de Penautier at Castres. We met accordingly, and proceeded with him to Penautier, which is a league from Carcassonne. The dear rogue, who never quitted us for a moment, drank to your health a thousand times. You must

know there was the play to amuse us. The performers were not bad; and all the ladies of Carcassonne were present. When we took leave, M. de Penautier, who is unquestionably one of the honestest men breathing, insisted upon our taking his coach as far as Narbonne, though it already had had a long journey. The weather was so fine, that we were in hopes next day, with the fresh horses that followed us from Encosse, to push on and sleep at Montpellier. But as ill luck would have it,

Narbonne has this confounded wonder:
There's always rain, and always thunder.
All night the rain came down pell-mell,
And such a heap of water fell,
That for two days, like one invaded,
The country kept the town blockaded.

You must not be surprised at this. Narbonne lies in a hollow, surrounded by mountains; the rain comes in torrents; and therefore whenever it continues for six hours together, such a quantity of water is collected, that it is impossible to leave the place without hazard of drowning. We determined upon running the risque; but the adventure of a lacquey carried off by the flood, who would certainly have perished if it had not been for his horse, made us get inside the town again as fast as we could, to wait till the roads were clear. Some gentlemen, who observed us walking about in the great square, and who appeared to be among the principal persons of the country, having been apprised of our misfortune, thought themselves bound in politeness not to leave us at the mercy of *ennui*. They proposed to shew us the curiosities of their city, and took us accordingly to the cathedral, which they recommended for a *chef-d'œuvre* on account of the loftiness of the aisles. We cannot say, for our parts,

Whether the architect who made it,
Made it round, oval, square, or what;
Or whether he that last survey'd it,
Concluded it was tall, or not.

For you must know, that as we stood
Admiring in this holy place,
We made a solemn vow to God,
Never to look upon its face.

Another rarity they shew;
An altar-piece, all black with smoking;

Where Lazarus, as he ought to do,
Comes from his grave, extremely shocking.

In fact, the painter has succeeded
So well in making him look frightful,
That if the Devil look'd worse than he did,
E'en Lazarus must have look'd delightful.

Our new friends were not content with shewing us these marvels. To complete their favours, they had the goodness to introduce us to three or four of their most refined damsels, who were tumbling to bits with dirt and affectation. Such is the list of our entertainments at Narbonne. You may judge if we passed our two days agreeably. O Narbonne, thou who hast diverted us so well,

Worthy object of our anger,
Mud's emporium, trav'lers' curse,
All made up of drains and gutters,
Shambling spouts, and dirty splutters,
How canst thou expect a verse?

Go : thou art but winter quarters
For a score of hapless dogs,
Where, by dint of painful searching,
Three old girls at last come curtsyng,
Fair and wholesome as thy fogs.

Go : thou art not worth a stricture ;
Fast we leave thee in the lurch ;
Very little is thy picture,
And less than nothing is thy church.

The apostrophe is somewhat violent, and the imprecation a little strong : but we passed two days in this marvellous sojourn with so much ill will, that we were glad to quit it with a vengeance. At length, the waters being only up to our horses' girths, we were allowed to set forward. We proceeded three or four leagues over plains all in a drench, and had to cross a rascally bridge of planks over a torrent, which the rains had made as big as a river. At this distance we arrived at Beziers, a good clean town, well situate, and altogether as pretty a place as the other was villainous. Next day, having traversed the heath of Saint-Hubéri, and tasted the fine muscats of Loupian, we saw Montpellier before us, surrounded by those plantations of trees and vineyards that you are acquainted with. We had to effect a passage through hundreds of flying balls, for they make a tennis-ground of the highway.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE DINNER PARTY ANTICIPATED.

A PARAPHRASE OF HORACE'S NINETEENTH ODE, BOOK THE THIRD.

"Quantum distet ab Inacho."

THE poet rallies his young friend Telephus upon his fondness for talking of genealogy and antiquities, and complains that he does not fix a day for having a dinner-party. The thought of such a meeting fires his imagination, and he supposes them all in the midst of their enjoyments, drinking their toasts, and discussing their mistresses. His proposal to torment the old fellow next door, who envies them their good humour, is very pleasant.

Commentators differ, as usual, upon passages of this Ode. The translator has given himself up to the spirit of the occasion, as the most likely, if not the most learned guide.

Dear Telephus, you trace divinely
The Grecian king who died so finely;
And show a zeal that betters us,
For all the house of Æacus;
And make us, to our special joy,
Feel every blow bestow'd at Troy:—
But not a syllable do you say
Of where we are to dine some day;
Not one about a little stock
Of neat, you rogue; nor what o'clock
Some four of us may come together,
And shut the cold out this strange weather.

Good gods! I feel it done already;
More wine, my boy:—there—steady, steady!
"Whose health?" Whose health! Why,—here's the Moon;
She's young; may she be older soon.
"Whose next?" Why next, I think, it's clear,
Comes mother Midnight—Here's to her:
And after her, with three at least,
Our reverend friend the new-made priest.
Three cups in one then. *Three, and we!*
Fill, as 'tis fitting, three times three:
For poets, in their moods divine,
Measure their goblets by the Nine;
Although the Graces (naked tremblers!)
Talk of a third to common tumblers.
Parties like us, true souls and glad,
Have right and title to be mad.
Who told the flutes there to leave off?
They've not been breath'd yet, half enough:
And who hung up the pipes and lyres?
They have not done with half their fires.

The roses too—heap, heap one's hair!
 I hate a right hand that can spare.
 Let the old envious dog next door,
 Old Lycus, hear the maddening roar,
 And the blithe girl (she'll love it well)
 Whom *Lycus* finds—not haveable.

Ah, Telephus! Those locks of thine,
 That lie so thick and smooth, and shine,
 And that complete and sparkling air,
 That gilds one's evenings like a star,
 'Tis these the little jade considers,
 And cuts her poor, profuser bidders.

"And you, dear Horace, what fair she
 Inspires you now?" Oh, as for me,
 I'm in the old tormenting way;
 Burnt at a slow fire, day by day,
 For my dull, dear Glyceria.

ON THE GRACES AND ANXIETIES OF PIG-DRIVING.

FROM the perusal of this article we beg leave to warn off, not any of our Companions (who are doubtless too far-sighted not to see into the merits of it) but vulgar readers of all denominations, whether of the "great vulgar or the small." Warn—did we say? We drive them off; for Horace tells us, that they, as well as pigs, are to be so treated. *Odi profanum vulgus*, says he, *et arceo*. But do thou lend thine ear, gentle shade of Goldsmith, who didst make thy bear-leader denounce "everything as is low;" and thou, Bickerstaff, who didst humanize upon public-houses and puppet-shows; and Fielding thou, whom the great Richardson, less in that matter (and some others) than thyself, did accuse of vulgarity, because thou didst discern natural gentility in a footman, and yet wast not to be taken in by the airs of Pamela and my Lady G.

The title is a little startling; but "style and sentiment," as a lady said, "can do anything." Remember then, gentle reader, that talents are not to be despised in the humblest walks of life. We will add, nor in the muddiest. The other day we were among a set of spectators, who could not help stopping to admire the patience and address with which a pig-driver huddled and cherished onward his drove of unaccommodating *élèves* down a street in the suburbs. He was a born genius for a manœuvre. Had he

originated in a higher sphere, he would have been a general, or a stage-manager, or at least the head of a set of monks. Conflicting interests were his forte; pig-headed wills, and proceedings hopeless. To see the *hand* with which he did it! How hovering, yet firm; how encouraging, yet compelling; how indicative of the space on each side of him, and yet of the line before him; how general, how particular, how perfect! No barber's could quiver about a head with more lightness of apprehension; no cook's pat up and proportion the side of a pasty with a more final eye. The whales, quoth old Chapman, speaking of Neptune,

The whales exulted under him, and knew their mighty king.

The pigs did not exult, but they knew their king. Unwilling was their subjection, but "more in sorrow than in anger." They were too far gone for rage. Their case was hopeless. They did not see why they should proceed, but they felt themselves bound to do so; forced, conglomerated, crowded onwards, irresistibly impelled by fate and Jenkins. Often would they have bolted under any other master. They squeaked and grunted as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped; they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape; but in vain. There they stuck (for their very progress was a sort of sticking), charmed into the centre of the sphere of his action, laying their heads together, but to no purpose; looking all as if they were shrugging their shoulders, and eschewing the tip-end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg; shrewd backward glances; not a little anticipative squeak, and sudden rush of avoidance. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it; but a pig finds it more difficult than any other animal to accommodate himself to circumstances. Being out of his pale, he is in the highest state of wonderment and inaptitude. He is sluggish, obstinate, opinionate, not very social; has no desire of seeing foreign parts. Think of him in a multitude, forced to travel, and wondering what the devil it is that drives him. Judge by this of the talents of his driver.

We beheld a man once, an inferior genius, inducting a pig into the other end of Long lane, Smithfield. He had got him thus far towards the market. It was much. His air announced success

in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work : he had only to look for the termination of it; and he looked (as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say) in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to the public-house, and indulge in porter and a pleasing security. Perhaps he would not not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success ; but by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like Æneas, into all the circumstances of his journey and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set out ; full of tremor his middle course ; high and skilful his progress ; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Ducking-pond row : masterly his turn at Bell alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long lane. A gravity came upon him, as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation, darting along ; but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering as he was on the borders of triumph. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species ; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help ; irritable ; retrospective ; picking objections, and prone to boggle ; a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the allies.

He bolts !

He's off!—*Evasit, erupit.*

" Oh, Ch—st!" exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in an agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy which the spectators felt to be too true,—
 " *he'll go up all manner of streets!*"

Poor fellow ! we think of him now sometimes, driving up Duke street, and not to be comforted in Barbican.

LONDON :

Published by HUNT and CLARKE, York street, Covent garden : and sold by all Booksellers and Newsvenders in town and country.—Price 4d.

PRINTED BY C. H. REYNELL, BROAD STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.